

## THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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### THE BEAUTIES OF WAR

**T**HE deadly animosity which existed between the French and Prussians during the occupation of France by the allied army, can hardly be conceived by any but those who were spectators of it;—it showed itself in a thousand modes,—not merely in contest in the field in the serious antagonism of war, but in the most trivial and insignificant actions of ordinary life. The hatred was reciprocal. I have seen a Prussian officer, when his load of wood came to his quarters, make the carter wait an hour, to his own inconvenience, before he would allow it to be unloaded; the man standing all the while in the rain, swearing with the peculiar grace and volubility of that period,—a fashion so extraordinary, that those who have only visited France within the last twenty years cannot form to themselves an idea of the extent to which the accomplishment may be cultivated. The man in his turn would contrive to place all the worst pieces of wood to come out first, so as to give the impression that the whole was of inferior quality; and when the Prussian had exhausted himself with complaints and remonstrances, and the Frenchman with oaths and exclamations, (that the worst wood in the world was too good for a Prussian,) he would ostentatiously place all the fine pieces uppermost, with a smirk which seemed to say,—“Now, you can't make a complaint to the authorities, for the wood is better than average, and I have had my revenge by worrying you.”

A row of the largest pieces of artillery was placed along the Quai Voltaire, and all that side of the river down to the Chamber of Deputies. Night and day stood by the side of each a man with lighted match, and it was understood that they were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot.

Directly in front of them, across the river, were booths, swings, stalls for fruit and confectionary, printsellers (not the most decent), rope-dancers, mountebanks, and all other caterers for the public amusement; while enormous crowds of grown men and women were amusing themselves with all the enthusiasm of children, apparently unconscious of the existence of the deadly instruments of warfare which pointed their brazen throats at them. The indifference to danger generated by habits of warfare is inconceivable by those who have never seen it. Every individual of the motley throng knew that on any sudden “*émeute*” he might be blown to atoms before he could reach a place of safety, but he *trusted it would not happen*, like the dwellers on Vesuvius; and if the guns were fired, perhaps he might be able to get out of the way in time—“If not, not,” and so he continued his amusement.

With those whose patriotism was too powerful for restraint, and who felt the utter impossibility of open resistance by arms, it was some consolation to walk behind the row of cannon, just out of the reach of the bayonets of the sentinels, and empty their hearts in execrations. I was often tempted to go to listen to them, from the extraordinary energy and eloquence of their vituperation, which was curiously composed of words (not sentences) without the slightest meaning; occasionally, however, the orators would break out into threats of revisiting Prussia, and wreaking their vengeance; but as these threats were unintelligible to the soldiers, they excited no more attention than the preliminary oaths. The Prussians knew that the words were intended for insult, because the pantomime was so perfect that it did not require the aid of language to make itself understood; but they generally bore it with the most philosophical indifference. I was always apprehensive, however, that the patience of some one individual soldier might be unable to last out

the succession of execrators, and that the human overcoming the *military* feeling, might vent itself in an explosion, and I might thus come in for a stray shot, which would have been a disagreeable reward for my anxiety to complete my vocabulary of French.

It was really a very extraordinary exhibition, and such as I verily believe could exist only in Paris. The crowds of swearers and threateners gave way at the approach of the large patrols (incessantly traversing all parts of the town), and vanished—*how* or *where*, used to astonish me, for the moment the patrol had passed they made their appearance again like a swarm of gnats, and resumed their occupation. The thing seemed to give them great relief; and if so, as it did nobody any harm, it would have been a pity to interrupt their exhortation. A Parisian mob is, perhaps, the only collection of human beings in the world which could feel consoled by the process.

In remote parts of the country, however, the animosity was less *lively* and more *deadly*, and assassinations were frequent. The Prussians had so many deep injuries to avenge, that it is not extraordinary they should occasionally exercise the spirit of retaliation, and in the small bodies of their troops dispersed in the villages personal conflicts were common, in spite of military discipline. A large part of their troops were *landwehr* (militia), and even *landsturm* (*levy en masse*), so that discipline was necessarily imperfect. I was at this time quartered in the house of a gentleman who was secretary to a branch of the municipal government, and he often showed me petitions from towns and districts, entreating to be relieved from the presence of the Prussian troops, and to be allowed English in lieu of them; still more frequently came petitions for English instead of French, whose tyranny and exactions were intolerable. Defeat had exasperated them to madness, and they wreaked their vengeance indiscriminately on friends and foes. The state of demoralization of the French army was complete.

Occasionally a Prussian officer would take care to let his hosts feel that France was not safe from experiencing some of the miseries she had inflicted on other nations; and the hatred of Blucher was so intense for everything connected with Frenchmen, that offenders were pretty sure of impunity when complaints were carried to head-quarters. The Duke of Wellington's general orders at this period show his great anxiety to establish better discipline, and his fears lest the severity of the Prussians should excite a general revolt, and jeopardize all the fruits of his hard-earned victory and arduous negotiations.

One of the instances of this tyranny and resistance will show that it is not always safe to indulge a spirit of retaliation in an enemy's country, however completely it may seem to be subdued. There was no part of France where there appeared less chance of collision between the foreign troops and the peasantry than in the province of Normandy. Prussian troops took up their quarters in the towns and villages, of that country with as much tranquility and composure as in their own, and they no more contemplated opposition from the inhabitants, than an English regiment would expect it in Scotland. Being in

very small bodies, the officers were enabled to exercise a close surveillance over their men, and whatever license they might allow to themselves, they maintained strict discipline among the private soldiers.

A Prussian officer, with whose friends I am acquainted, was quartered in the house of a widow, who, since the death of her husband, continued to conduct a large establishment for the manufacture of crockery (Fayence) at B—. This hard and heavy substance requires the greatest possible heat for its vitrification, and the furnaces are of gigantic magnitude and strength. The men employed in the manufactory lodged and boarded in the house, and, like the miners in Cornwall, were not mere servants, but a sort of fellow-adventurers, whose gains depended in some measure on the success of the establishment. These men, whose laborious occupation was incompatible with any but great bodily strength, felt the honor of the head of the establishment to be in some sort their own, and that they were bound to maintain the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Madame L—'s family consisted of one son only, about fifteen years of age.

The servant of the officer, having seen the indulgence to others for similar freaks, determined to exercise a little of the pleasure of authority himself, and after his master was gone to bed was in the habit of keeping up the family to prepare his coffee, which he did not choose to take till two hours after the time they usually retired to rest; he would sometimes take it into his head to be hungry at three o'clock in the morning, and insist on having something grilled for supper, which if not done to his taste he would throw into the fire, and command them to take more pains with the next. Madame L— at last determined to make a formal complaint to the officer.

Whether the mode of stating her grievances did not please him, or the narration excited recollections which awakened a dormant spirit of revenge, he received her remonstrances with haughtiness. "Madam," said he, "my servant shall call you out of bed six times every night if I please, and you shall wait upon him yourself. I am sorry that you have no daughters, that you might learn how your infernal countrymen behaved to my sisters. My mother was a widow with four daughters; six officers of your brutal and uncivilized nation were quartered in her house—she had lost her only other son in the battle of Jena, and I was far away. The conduct of your countrymen would have disgraced the lowest savage—my mother and sisters were subjected to loathsome indignities, and made to perform the most abject menial services for their brutal guests. My mother's heart was broken—she sank under the horrors she was compelled to witness; and while her corpse yet lay in the house the officers endeavored to dishonor my sister; but I should go mad were I to begin a list of the atrocities committed by your army. You shall know a little of the miseries of war—to-morrow you shall have a couple more officers and half a dozen soldiers to maintain—see that you prepare for them. Take care to let me have a turkey dressed at half past two in the morning, and coffee at four."

The lady slunk away, terrified at the aspect of the infuriated Prussian, and retired to think of the best mode of pacifying him: she rightly conjectured that the attempt would be most likely to be successful after she should have prepared him a dinner with unusual care, and given him time to subside; set herself to the task with the determination to please him, if possible; and hoped that a more humble entreaty in the evening might avert the dreaded infliction with which she had been threatened.

Not so her son, who had been listening at the door, attracted by the loud voice of the officer. He heard all; but in his attempts to rouse the workmen to resistance did not think it at all necessary to repeat the officer's account of French cruelties in Prussia—he dwelt only on the threats held out to his mother, and the tyranny of the servant—and he succeeded in inspiring them with a determination to take a safe revenge.

The lady went on with her preparations for the officer's dinner, and was deeply engaged in larding a fine fowl, when horrible screams assailed her ears. She rushed to the door of the kitchen—it was fastened; to the door which led to the manufactory—that also was fastened; every outlet for escape was closed;—she screamed for her son, and was answered by him from the other side of the door, that there was no danger, and no cause for alarm. She entreated to be told what was the meaning of the screams, which now became fainter and fainter, as if retreating to a greater distance—"Soyez tranquille, ma mère," said her son, "you will know it all presently. I will let you out directly; there is no danger—none whatever."

Presently the door was opened, and her son led her into the manufactory: but what was her horror to see the officer and his servant lying on the ground opposite the great furnace, each bound round with bandages from neck to feet like an Egyptian mummy. At the moment she entered, the door of the fiery furnace was thrown open, and cast its glare on the faces of the helpless beings; the servant had fainted from excess of terror, and the officer's bloodless countenance in vain assumed an air of firmness. "Save me, Madam, if possible, and I swear to you that this outrage shall never be betrayed. I and my servant will instantly remove, and you shall have no others quartered on you." The lady stood aghast and unable to utter a word. The men cried out, "Don't believe him, Madam, let us make complaints impossible;" and they took up the helpless beings, and brought their feet near to the mouth of the furnace. "Say but the word, and in three minutes there won't be a vestige of either of them. We can never be detected—there won't be an atom of bone left, and their buttons will be undistinguished in the cinders. Say the word, Madam—say the word—they will be senseless in three seconds—the furnace is in full glow, and they will be turned into steam and ashes in half a minute."

It was an awful moment! the men had not exaggerated the effect of the furnace, for the intense white heat, much greater than that of a glass-house, would have volatilized every particle of the hapless wretches in an instant. The merchant held both the bodies in the attitude of throwing

them into the furnace, and as their mistress's terror deprived her of the power of speech, they took silence for consent, and were proceeding to put their threat in execution, when the son, who had only intended to frighten the offenders, and never contemplated the actual murder, screamed out his horror, and threw himself on his knees to intercede for them. The mother had by this time found her tongue, and joined the prayers with those of the son; but it was not till after very long and urgent entreaties that they succeeded in arresting the hands of the ruffians, who were gloating in anticipation of so complete and so safe a vengeance. Indeed, except by the confession of one of the parties, detection would have been absolutely impossible.

The officer and his servant were liberated, the latter placed in bed delirious, and the officer was in no frame of mind to do justice to Madam L—'s cookery. I venture to guess that the fowl went away untasted.

The next day both officer and man were removed to fresh quarters; but the servant's delirium gave rise to suspicion; and although the officer contended that the whole was a fable, it is supposed that his fellow soldiers believed his story, for the manufactory was shortly afterward burnt to the ground, and the men thrown out of employment for months.

### JACK WHITE'S GIBBET.

BY GEORGE C. DYKE.

"On the common, hard by,  
His gibbet was once to be seen."—SOUTHEY.

NEAR the south-eastern extremity of the beautiful and fertile county of Somerset, stands the small, but ancient market-town of Castle-Cary, deriving its name from a *castle*, which was for some centuries the property and the residence of the noble family of Carey or Cary, earls of Monmouth, and lords of the manor on which the town stands. It is difficult to discover the precise period at which it was relinquished by its noble occupants; but thus much is certain, that it was a place of no small importance in the wars of the Roses, and that, during the troubled reign of the first Charles, it was garrisoned for that monarch by a party of Sir Bevil Granville's cavaliers; in consequence of which, it was completely dismantled by Colonel Weldon, the parliamentary commander, who passed through the town on his way to Taunton; and thus, after being the scene of many a splendid pageant, in which the "gentil knight and fayre ladye" of the olden time displayed their prowess and their beauty, it has undergone the fate of all sublunary things, and its mouldering and ruined walls are now used as a granary for the principal inn in the town. The spacious court, erewhile the theatre on which the steel-clad heroes of a former age exhibited their skill and courage, in the pompous and spirit-stirring tilt and tournament, and gained from applauding beauty the reward of successful valor, has now degenerated into an inn-yard, and the castle-moat administers to the comfort of the equestrian lieges in the shape of a horse-pond. Leaving to the curious in antiquarian research, who delight in dragging from time-worn sepul-

ches the musty relics of antiquity, and who wade, with laborious and unwearied zeal, through the obscure records of bygone centuries, to demonstrate the etymology of a name, the task of deciphering the rude, and almost obliterated inscription which adorns the massy portal of the ancient edifice, I shall, *sans* farther introduction, proceed to state, that the town of Castle-Cary, like most country towns of a similar size, consists of one long street, which extends nearly a mile in an irregular line from north-east to south-west; and from a narrow entrance at either end, descends by a very gradual declivity to the centre, where it expands into an area of considerable size, from whence a branch diverging takes a circuit of a few hundred yards, and again merges in the main street. The street at its greatest width, is denominated the market-place, in the centre of which stood formerly a stone cross, of elaborate and costly workmanship. Among the modern structures which surrounded it, and with which it had no sympathy, if we may so speak, the ancient column reared its venerable head, and seemed as much out of place as the gigantic John of Gaunt, in his mailed habiliments, would appear in an assembly of the starched and perfumed military dandies of the present day. A few years since, however, this vestige of popery—a monument at once of the genius and the superstition of our ancestors—was removed to facilitate the approach and departure of the increasing number of stage-coaches to and from the principal inn. This structure, which stands directly opposite to the site of the cross, was then, and is still, known by the name of "The George;" and the warlike saint himself, in close combat with his formidable enemy the dragon, rudely carved in stone, formerly adorned the key-stone of the spacious gateway which led to the interior of the inn. But, alas! for human vanity, however potent the doughty St. George might have been in defending himself from the assaults of the poisonous monster, all his prowess was found insufficient to resist the silent and insidious attacks of time. The pride of a modern occupier aspired to decorate the building with a new front. Dragon, and steed, and hero, were taken down a few years ago, in a dilapidated state: and, like the cross, its contemporary, administered to the comfort of passengers by repairing the rutted street in front of the inn; but, in order that the fame of the champion might not be involved in the same ruin with his effigy, the zeal of the landlord and the pencil of a country artist have perpetuated the memory of the famous triumph of the saint over his scaly adversary, by rearing in the market-place, on the summit of a lofty pole, a painted resemblance of the stone figures which formerly announced to the weary traveler the welcome vicinity of "The George"—the modern sign being rendered still more attractive by the gaudy colors in which the florid fancy of the rural Rubens has exhibited it; to which might be added another advantage it has over its predecessor, in the gift it possesses of luring the benighted and way-worn passenger by the monotonous creaking of its rusty iron hinges; but which, for the hungry and tired pedestrian, has more charms than the sweetest note ever extracted from the "light guitar" by the skilful fingers of the Venetian

serenaders, when seeking to gain the applause of his lovely mistress. At the time of which I am now about to speak, the year 1727, St. George reigned in all his glory over the principal entrance to the chief inn in the town of Castle-Cary; and one evening, in the end of the month of October in that year, a tall, swarthy-looking man, habited in a sailor's garb, sought the hospitable shelter of that establishment to avoid a passing shower which arrested him in his progress through the town. The elasticity of his step, and the vigorous appearance of his frame, seemed to bespeak a man still in the prime of life, though the ruggedness of his iron features, and his grisly matted locks, told a tale of toil and suffering, borne for years with patient endurance in the scorching atmosphere of a tropic clime; while the boldness of his bearing, and the careless indifference of his manner, indicated one accustomed to command, and familiar with danger. "Zarvant, zur," said the landlord, whose portly rotundity of figure augured a greater propensity on his part to enjoy the good things of this life, than to pry into the hidden mysteries of futurity—"What'll your honor please to have?" demanded he, as he ushered his guest into the capacious chimney-corner (still the most honorable seat in a west of England inn) in the principal apartment of "The George." "Let's have something to eat and drink as soon as possible," replied the guest, "for night's coming on, and I've no time to lose." "Be your honor gwyn much vunder to night?" continued the host, as he entered with a quart of strong beer and a round of beef, which the hungry traveler soon attacked with an avidity which at once evinced a good appetite and a long fast, and prevented him from answering the question of his inquisitive host. Observing the cravings of his stomach to be somewhat satisfied, that personage repeated the question of "Be gwyn much vunder to-night, zur?"—"Why, yes," said his guest, looking out of the window, and observing the rain to be somewhat abated, "I think to push on as far as Wincanton before I sleep." "Be your honor one o' Wincanton?" inquired the innkeeper. "Why, no—not exactly so," replied the stranger, in a hesitating tone; "but I have a particular reason for wishing to reach that town to-night. Are there any families of note residing in Wincanton at present?" continued he, after a short pause. "Why, ees, ees, there's Squire Gapper of Tout Hill, and Counsellor Gapper o' Bolsom, and Squire Webb upon Batch, and woold Ireson o' Windmill Hill, and Laayer King, and woold Mog at the Dogs, but he beant much o' a veller he." At the mention of the last name, the stranger started; but recovering himself, was about to interrogate the loquacious landlord still further, when the arrival of a post-chaise drew the attention of the latter to the outside of the house. The words of the innkeeper seemed to make an unaccountable impression upon the stranger, who displayed considerable agitation during his absence, and his wish to proceed on his journey appeared to be increased by something that had fallen from the voluble landlord; and taking a huge leathern purse from his pocket, he began to explore its interior in quest of a piece of money to satisfy the demands of that worthy; during which operation he un-



consciously exhibited to the surrounding town's people, who had begun to gather to their usual place of resort in "The George," to discuss the news of the day, and steep their sage brains in the exhalations of strong beer, and the fumes of tobacco, the uncommon sight of a number of doubloons, whose foreign appearance excited their amazement and curiosity. Among the foremost of those whose attention was attracted by the glittering hoard, was a stout square-built man, of a dogged and surly aspect, whose appearance bespoke either extreme poverty or neglect, or both combined; his countenance might have been considered rather handsome than otherwise, were it not for a certain stupid and besotted, and at the same time malignant and ferocious expression, which glared from beneath his shaggy eye-brows, and lurked about the corners of his mouth. He was roused from the intensity of admiration with which he seemed to regard the golden treasure, by the voice of the landlord, who just then returned; and calling to him, said, "Why, Jack, now don't thee stand geaking and stearing there all day like a wild cat in a strange garret, run away and harness a pear o' vresh hosses, and put into thick poost-chaise at the door; the volk do zine to be in a grit hurry, vor the' wont get out, nor have nothin' to eat and drink." Awakened from his reverie, the dogged hostler (for such he appeared to be,) reluctantly obeyed; and the stranger, turning to the landlord, said, "Here, landlord, I've been looking for an *English* coin, but find I have not one left, so you must change a Spanish doubloon for me, though I suppose you're not over and above fond of them." "Fond o' them!" said he of "The George;" "Lord love'e! I only wishes I had as many o'em as I could carr, tho' be daan'd to kent if I do think I've zeed one o'em zunce woold Captain Harris was at Plymouth in the Rover, and that's nineteen years ago come the fifeenth o' next Yipril."—"Were you aboard the Rover at that time?" inquired the traveler, with some earnestness. "Aboard o' her! I believe I wur too," said mine host; "I wur a gwain to zail out to the West Indies wi' her, qooner if 'thadn't been ver my poor woold mother, poor woold soul! she wouldn't let I goo: well, well, it's aal vor the best; I dearsay, there's poor Will White, my woold schoolfellow, he never comed back again, poor veller! tho' a used to zay, he'd come whoom as rich as a Jew some day or nother." During this speech the attention of the speaker was more fixed upon the doubloon which he held in his hand than on the countenance of his guest, which alone prevented him from remarking the agitation which his rhapsody had thrown him into. Recovering his self possession, however, before the innkeeper had observed his confusion, the traveler rejoined, "Aye, aye, I daresay your companion, poor Will White, as you call him, has been hung long before this, landlord."—"Hung!" said the choleric publican, "no, no, measter, Will win none o' the hanging zoort, I can tell'e; and if I had as much wild blood in I now as I had when I parted with he last, I wouldn't stand to hear a better man than ever stood in your shoes run us down in thick way; I'd a knock'd thee down just as zure's my name's Dick Palmer: but there, there, thee didn't know

poor Will; and zov we'll forget and forgive, and drink his health, zur; and I can only zay, that if aal the famils had been like he, 'thad been better for 'em, that's aal." So saying, he took a hearty pull at the contents of a huge flagon which he held in his hand; and then turning the handle toward his guest, he motioned him to follow his example. The stranger took the proffered can, and said, "Come, landlord, here's to the health of your friend, poor Will White, and if he's no worse than I wish him, neither he nor you will have any reason to complain; but, however that may be, your defence of him is highly creditable to your feelings, and I'll gladly stand another pot to our better acquaintance."—"With all my heart," said the publican, "but I shouldn't a' thought o' meaking you pay vor't, tho." So saying, the good-natured innkeeper disappeared, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a brown jug, which foamed with good ale, for which he obstinately persisted in refusing payment. Having again seated himself, he proceeded in his interrogatories, by saying, "What part o' the word'll be you come vrom, if I meak so boold as to ax, zur?" "Why, I came last from the Spanish Main, Master Palmer," said the stranger. "Oh aye, I s'pouse you be one o' Admiral Hozier's crew, beante'e? That's been a 'nation bad job that; they do zay the poor woold admiral have a broke his heart over thick bissiness; the moore's the shame to they government men that kept zoo many breave fellers a shilly shallying up and down afore Peter Bellow, and didn't let 'em do neither one thing nor nother, till the yella faver took off all the men, and then the poor woold admiral died for sheame, they do zay," said an elderly personage, whose features were completely obscured by the volumes of smoke which he emitted at solemn intervals from his capacious mouth. "Ees, ees," said the landlord, "there's been a 'nation girt vaat somewhere or nother, that's zartain. Wur you," said he, addressing the stranger, "in admiral Hozier's vleet, zur?" "No, no! Master Palmer," said the traveler, "that sort o' thing wouldn't do for me! I was in a free bottom. We didn't cruise up and down in a roadstean, waiting for the Dons to throw themselves into our teeth; we ran ourselves ashore, went into their towns, ransacked their popish churches, and stripped their monasteries, drank our grog in golden chalices, dined off the communion plate, made sacks of the bishop's surplice and the monk's gown, and filled them full of pieces of eight, doubloons, and dollars, and every trip made us a few hundreds the richer; and now, my lad," said he, tossing up his bag of doubloons, and catching them in hand again, "I've returned to enrich old England with the Spanish gold, and so let's have another pot, my old Trojan (slapping him on the shoulder), and here's old England forever, and confusion to all her enemies." The frequent visitations which he made to the flagon, and the potency of the west of England strong beer, which is still celebrated among all who "abhor thin potations," began to make a visible impression on the brain of the speaker, which the landlord perceiving, pressed him to stop all night at "The George," assuring him, "that he should have a bed that the king his-self needn't be ashamed to lie in;"

and urged his stay by saying, "he was afeared they should have a 'nation wet night o't." But the sailor resolutely persisted in his determination to proceed, alleging, that "he had sworn not to sleep till he had reached Wincanton;" and added, that "he had been too long accustomed to hurricanes, to be put out of his way by a drop of rain;" and so taking up his portmanteau, he shook hands with honest Dick Palmer, whom he promised to visit again shortly, when he hoped to introduce an old friend to his notice; and then bidding him good-bye, he was soon out of sight of Castle-Cary, and on the road to Wincanton. Leaving him to his solitary journey, we must beg our readers to accompany us while we anticipate him in his arrival at that place.

Entering the town of Wincanton by the lower or western end, you pass through a small suburb, consisting of thirty or forty scattered houses, to which the inhabitants give the name of *Tethern* (a corruption of *tything*), from whence you ascend by a gentle declivity into the town itself. At the top of this ascent, which bears the name of Tout Hill, stands an old mansion-house, forming, with its two wings, the three sides of a square, and leaving a spacious court-yard open to the front. The main entrance to this building is by a huge iron gate of antique and fantastic manufacture; on either side of this gate stands a stone post of large dimensions and massy strength, each post is surmounted by a stone mastiff, of colossal size, the crest of the family of *White*, to whom the mansion and its adjoining demesnes formerly belonged, and which, from its formidable canine guardians, took the name of "The Dogs." The family of *White*, to whom the domain appertained for some centuries, boasted of their high antiquity, and not without reason; for upon turning over the "Doomsday Book" (a survey of the whole country, with a view to ascertain the extent of every state in the kingdom of England, made by order of the Norman Conqueror, for the purpose of distributing them among his followers), we find the name of Sir Reginald Le Blanc, or Reginald Des Les Chiens, mentioned among the most distinguished of the adventurers who followed the banner of that successful invader. From whence he derived the names of "Le Blanc," and "Des Les Chiens," it is impossible to ascertain with any degree of certainty; but the most probable conjecture is, that the one was conferred on him from the color of his armor, and the other from his skill in the chase, and his consequent fondness for the animals, employed in that healthy exercise. Be that as it may, we find the family retaining the name of "Le Blanc" till somewhere about the year 1642, when Sir John Le Blanc, its then representative, having joined the sect of the independents, and the party of the parliament, changed that foreign-sounding appellation for the synonymous and more English one of *White*. At the Restoration, imprisonment and confiscation became the reward of the zeal and activity which he had displayed on the republican side, and he died shortly after, despoiled of all his property, save the old mansion house and a few surrounding acres, which the intercession of some friendly cavalier had obtained for him. John White (for he indignantly refused to resume the title without the estate), the

only son of this gentleman, who was in his infancy at the time of his father's death, joined in the ill-fated enterprize of the Duke of Monmouth, and commanded a troop of horse at the fatal battle of Sedgemoor where he was wounded; but the ignorance of the court with regard to the share he had taken in that unfortunate and ill-concerted expedition—the insignificance of his despoiled possessions—the embarrassment in which the detestable tyrant who then filled the throne shortly after found himself—or the good offices of some friend of the family, prevented any inquiry into his conduct in that affair, and he was permitted to retain possession of his meagre inheritance. When the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, he was among the first to welcome his arrival; and in his progress through the western counties to the metropolis, William honored the mansion of "The Dogs" with his presence; on which occasion its ancient dining-hall became the scene of a grand entertainment, given by its owner to the neighboring gentry and the suite of the aspiring Dutchman, to congratulate him on his arrival; but this was the last blaze of its expiring greatness. The expense which he had incurred in his previous campaign under Monmouth, and the effort to entertain his princely guest in a manner suited to the ancient dignity of the "Le Blancs," had compelled John White to mortgage the property to an extent far beyond its real value, and the consequent embarrassment which it entailed on him was the means of shortening his life. William had, indeed, in the first effusion of his gratitude, promised him the restoration of all the property of which his father had been deprived, but the various hands it had passed through since the date of its confiscation, and the multitude of conflicting interests to be considered and reconciled in consequence, made its restitution a matter of considerable difficulty, which the poverty of the new monarch's exchequer, and the natural coldness and apathy of his disposition, contributed in no small degree to augment; and thus, after dancing attendance day after day, and feeling in its keenest force that "sickness of the heart" which arises from "hope deferred," the unfortunate descendent of the renowned "Le Blancs" died of a broken heart, leaving a widow and two sons, John and William, to inherit his poverty and despair. His widow, who was the daughter of a wealthy attorney of Wincanton, whom with the other members of her family, she had offended by her marriage with the portionless possessor of "The Dogs," supported herself on a scanty pittance, extorted from the pride, rather than the generosity of her brother; her slender income was rendered still more so by the groveling and indolent disposition of her eldest son John, who chose rather to exist in this state of miserable dependence on the precarious bounty of his purse-proud uncle, cherishing the fallacious expectation of gaining possession of the estate of his ancestors, which all the exertions of his father had been unable to obtain, than to seek in some honorable employment a way to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he was involved. His younger brother, William, a spirited youth, who was born but a short time before the death of his father, whose ill-requested enthusiasm had bestowed on him the name of William, in

honor of the reigning monarch, disdaining the servile condition in which he saw himself placed, entered, at the age of sixteen, on board the Rover privateer, then fitting out at Plymouth for service against the Spaniards in the West Indies, as we have already learnt from "mine host" of "The George." Since that time every attempt to gain intelligence respecting his fate had proved unavailing, and it was concluded he had fallen a victim to the climate, or to the chances of the dangerous employment which he had embraced. Shortly after his departure, "The Dogs" became the property of an old usurer of the name of Mogg, to whom it had been mortgaged by the deceased John White, on the express condition of becoming his property, if not redeemed within a certain number of years; which term having elapsed, the grasping mortgagee proceeded to eject the unfortunate widow, who, driven from home, soon became a victim to the melancholy and despair to which her ruined fortunes, the neglect of her family, the degradation of one son, and the mysterious fate of the other, on whom she doated, had reduced her. The pitiful allowance which her necessities had wrung from her unfeeling brother ceased at her death; and the contemptible and spiritless heir of "The Dogs," the lineal descendant of the proud "Le Blancs," was contented to drag out a miserable existence on the few pence obtained from occasional passengers whom he assisted in entering or dismounting from the stage coach to and from its way to London, through that town where his haughty ancestors had formerly reigned in the almost regal splendor of feudal dominion. After continuing for some years in this degraded condition, the kindness of Richard Palmer (who had recently become the occupier of "The George," in the neighboring town of Castle-Cary,) and the respect he felt for the memory of his lost school-fellow William, induced him to prefer the wretched John, or as he was then universally called Jack White, to the rather more respectable, and at all events less precarious situation of ostler to the inn; but the habits of dissipation in which he indulged, rendered him unfit even for this occupation, and the goodnatured landlord tolerated him solely from the lingering affection which he felt for the memory of his brother; and our readers will doubtless have already recognised him in the suspicious-looking individual whom the display of the stranger's treasure in the hall of "The George" had so strongly attracted.

In all the county of Somerset there is not a more flourishing town than Wincanton is at the present moment, to which the goodly number of handsome inns, which adorn the principal or high street, bear unequivocal testimony. Situate on the slope of a hill, that street runs in a gradual descent of about half a mile, and in nearly a straight line to the market-house and place, from whence it strikes off in three branches, forming a figure somewhat resembling a trident; of these the left branch is denominated "South Street," at the bottom of which stands the already-described mansion of "The Dogs;" the right leads by a very rapid descent to the mill and dam, and from that circumstance has obtained the name of "Mill Street;" and the middle division, or "Church Street," leads by a less abrupt declivity

to the building whose name it bears. Of that structure it is now my business to speak.

The church of Wincanton is a plain specimen of that kind of Gothic style which universally prevailed in the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages; it is surrounded by a spacious burying ground, which on the day following that on which we have introduced to our readers the landlord of "The George" and his guests, was occupied by an immense number of the townspeople, who were all eagerly pressing, with one accord, toward the principal porch or entrance to the church. The cause of all this stir soon became apparent. A man, whose dress denoted his profession to be that of a sailor, had been found lying bereft of life, on the road between Castle-Cary and Wincanton, and from the wounds he had received it was very naturally concluded that he had met with a violent death; the persons by whom he had been discovered were in the act of placing the body, according to custom, in the church porch, for the purpose of establishing, if possible, his identity. The superstition of the times exacted from every one who wished to purge themselves of the suspicion of murder, a declaration of innocence, made with the right hand resting on the breast of the corpse, under the expectation that the insensate clay would be permitted by Providence to proclaim the presence of the murderer by some miraculous sign of recognition; and, however the philosopher may be disposed to rejoice in the dissipation of that superstition, which at once degraded the purest feelings and cramped the noblest energies of human nature, the philanthropist and the patriot will be compelled to regret the decay with it, of much of that horror and detestation with which crime was formerly regarded, by the illiterate and unsophisticated rustic; and the Christian cannot but deplore the extinction of that feeling, and of that salutary awe, by which the murderer and the ruffian, after indulging in the contemplation of a guilty deed, was often deterred from its commission, by the fear that the finger of Providence would thus be specially exerted to point out its discovery. The customary presence of the clergyman and the magistrate, who dictated the adjuration, added to the solemnity of the proceeding, and strengthened the impression which the awful ceremony was so well calculated to convey to the minds of the vulgar; and although education had placed these officials above the influence of its terrors, they gladly availed themselves of the popular prejudices, to assist them in discovering the unknown perpetrator of the deed of darkness. On the present occasion the venerable rector, Mr. Plucknett, reverend alike from age and office, and who was at once both minister of religion and secular magistrate, presided at this tribunal, which the undisturbed prescription of ages had established.

The report of the commission of a crime of such magnitude, and which at that time was happily of very rare occurrence, soon drew crowds from the neighboring towns and villages, who flocked together, partly from curiosity, and partly from the more laudable desire of establishing their innocence by undergoing the customary ordeal. Among the rest came Richard Palmer, and several of his fellow townsmen, the usual fre-

quarters of "The George." The arrival of Palmer was hastened by the misgivings which he felt, on account of the reported resemblance which the murdered man bore to the stranger, who so shortly before had quitted his hospitable hearth. A moment's glance served to convince him that his fears were but too well founded. There indeed lay the unfortunate traveler, whom he had seen but a few hours before, in all the pride of health and strength, rejoicing in the termination of years of toil, and looking forward to the enjoyment of his hard-earned wealth in the peaceful bosom of his native country. Among those who attended the inn-keeper on this occasion was his ostler, Jack White, whom he had with great difficulty prevailed on to accompany him. The reluctance which White had manifested excited no suspicion against him in the minds of Palmer and his companions, who attributed it to the natural sluggishness and inertness of his disposition; but the resolution with which he expressed his determination not to touch the corpse, prejudiced the bystanders so much against him, that they universally regarded him as the murderer. On the whole the scene was well calculated to shake the self-possession of a man, even though supported by the consciousness of innocence. There stood the aged priest, his long gray locks, and the unsullied whiteness of his canonicals (for he was arrayed in his surplice,) no unfit representation of the holiness and purity of the Deity, whose accredited servant he was; while the keen and searching look with which he regarded the countenance of each individual, as he successfully approached the corpse, impressed on his mind the omniscience of the Almighty Being whom he represented. Before him lay the unconscious victim, whose blood-stained and disfigured features appeared to cry aloud for vengeance on his murderer; and there was something so peculiarly humbling and distressing in the spectacle which the body of the unfortunate stranger (who had escaped all the chances of war and climate, and the many vicissitudes of a dangerous profession, to fall a victim to the nocturnal attack of an unseen and treacherous assassin) exhibited, that the warm-hearted Richard Palmer could not avoid shedding a tear as he laid his hand on the cold and lifeless breast, and repeated with fervor and sincerity the declaration which the venerable rector dictated. The voice of the aged clergyman stilled the murmur of indignation, which burst simultaneously from the assembled crowd, on beholding the decided aversion which the ostler manifested to touch the corpse; and addressing White, he said, "Although the dissipated and reckless life you have led encourages the presumption of your guilt, in the minds of those who have observed your unwillingness to submit to the trial, to which *every one without exception* is subjected, yet the name you bear, and the friendship which I felt for your deceased parents, induce me still to regard you as innocent, however much appearances may be against you; but, notwithstanding, I cannot disguise from my mind the fact of your being the *only* person who has refused to make, in the usual way, the required declaration of innocence. I now again call upon you to approach for that purpose. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear; if

guilty, I entreat you to make the only reparation to society you have in your power, by a full and free confession of your guilt." The words of the venerable man, the persuasions of the landlord (who could not believe him guilty), and the desire White himself felt to dispel the feeling which his repugnance had excited against him, induced him to undergo the dreaded ordeal. He had no sooner laid his hand on the corpse, than a slight effusion of blood flowed from the mouth and nostrils of the murdered traveler. This, together with the faltering and inarticulate manner in which the trembling ostler repeated the prescribed words, was interpreted by the credulous bystanders into the strongest evidence of his guilt; and the landlord himself, however anxious to befriend him, could not resist the force of testimony so conclusive. By the orders of the rector (who conceived it to be his duty, both for the safety of the accused, and for the satisfaction of the demands of justice, to place him for the present in close confinement), he was immediately apprehended, notwithstanding his continued asseverations of innocence. On searching him a large clasp knife, of a kind in common use in that part of the country, was taken from his pocket. This instrument appeared to have been recently wiped; notwithstanding which it was still slightly tinged with blood. The clothes he wore were the only ones he possessed, and were so much soiled with grease and dirt, that had any stain of blood existed on them, it would have been indistinguishable. Nor, indeed, had any such mark appeared, could it have been fairly urged as evidence against him, since he frequently officiated (in common with others holding similar situations in the west of England,) as butcher to the establishment, which would easily have accounted for the state of his clothes. The same defence applied with equal force to the appearance of the knife, to which the nature of his occupation afforded a plausible and even a satisfactory explanation. The only thing that militated against him was a bludgeon, with which the blow that occasioned the death of the unfortunate traveler, had evidently been inflicted; and which, having been found lying near the body by the persons who first discovered the murder, was declared by the landlord to be an exact resemblance of one which he knew White to possess, although he said "a couldn't teake upon un to zwear 'twer the very zeame;" and to balance this, Palmer declared, "he hadn't missed Jack at all" on the previous night. On the person of the murdered stranger nothing was found that afforded any clue to his name and history; and the portmanteau, and bag of doubloons which he carried with him from the inn, had both disappeared; on returning to that establishment, however, the strictest search was made by its owner, in the hope of finding something to establish the crime against the murderer, if White really deserved that title. At length, after the most minute investigation in the "ta' lot," or top loft, over the stables, where the ostler usually slept, the portmanteau and bag of doubloons were both found, hid beneath a pile of hay, some of which was bloody, as if from something having been wiped in it. The contents of the bag appeared the same as when Palmer had seen it in the hands of



its unfortunate owner in the inn: the portmanteau was immediately examined in the presence of the magistrate, and was found to be filled principally with gold and gems; but there were other articles of no small importance under the present circumstances. The first was an old bible, within the cover of which was written, "Presented to William White, by his affectionate mother, April 10th, 1708." On the inside of the other cover was pasted a document inscribed as follows:—"Wincanton, Feb. 2, 1692. William, the son of John and Mary White, was baptized here this day by me.

(Signed) "GEORGE PLUCKNETT, Curate."  
 "THOMAS GREEN, Clerk."  
 "ABRAHAM GRAPPER, }  
 "ROBERT COOMBS, } *Sponsors.*  
 "EMMA IRESON,

The signatures of "George Plucknett" and "Thomas Green" were instantly recognised by the aged rector of Wincanton as being those of himself and the individual who held the office of clerk of the parish at the date of the register; in addition to this, a portrait was found, which was declared by the same gentleman (and corroborated by the older inhabitants of the town, to whom the features had been familiar) to be that of the deceased John White; and an antique ring, on which was engraved, in black letter, "M. W. to W. W. 1707," completed a string of evidence, which proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the relationship which the unfortunate victim bore to his wretched murderer; and if farther proof was wanting to establish the guilt of the despicable and unhappy Jack White, it was rendered unnecessary by his own confession, from which it appeared, that, tempted by the injudicious display made by his brother in "The George Inn," he had preceded him in his way to Wincanton, and lay in wait for him at a place nearly equi-distant from that town and Castle-Cary. The spot on which the murder was committed was too well adapted for the purpose, the road being bounded on either side by a dreary common, or waste, of considerable extent, which terminates on the south side in a narrow lane; it was at the mouth of this lane, screened from observation by a furze bush, that the murderer expected the arrival of his prey; and no sooner had the latter passed the fatal spot, than a tremendous blow from a bludgeon brought him to the ground; he, however, succeeded in rising, and attempted to struggle with his unknown adversary; and the strength and vigor he possessed might have proved sufficient to defend him against his assaulter, had not the murderer, during the scuffle, drawn from his pocket a large clasp knife, and stabbed him to the heart.

But little remains to be added to the melancholy recital. A shameful and ignominious death closed the degraded life of the last miserable descendant of the proud "Le Blancs." In accordance with the barbarous "*wisdom* of our ancestors," he was hung in chains on the spot where his hand had shed a brother's blood. By a singular and melancholy coincidence, that spot once formed a part of the extensive and confiscated estate of his wealthy and honorable progenitors; and the very tree which was felled to afford a gibbet to the fratricide, had been planted by the

hand of his grandfather. The birds of the air soon left his bones to whiten and decay in the rain and the dew of Heaven; but the gibbet and the chain stood for nearly a century, to warn the scared peasant of the vicinity of the scene of blood; and though they too have at length yielded to the rude attacks of time, and the march of modern improvement, which has inclosed the common, and driven the harrow and the ploughshare over the blood-stained earth, yet the revolutions of three generations have not been able to root out from the traditional lore of the surrounding villagers this tale of horror. The mansion of "The Dog," parceled out into a few wretched tenements, affords a miserable shelter to some of the poorest inhabitants of Wincanton. The memory of the haughty "Le Blancs," and of the Moggs, their successors, have both alike sunk into oblivion; but the crime and the fate of the fratricide have been more imperishable than the fame of his ancestors; and the trembling and simple-hearted peasant still shudders, as he points out to his wondering and affrighted children the site of "JACK WHITE'S GIBBET."

#### LOVE.

EXTEMPORE LINES BY A YOUNG LADY.

WHAT is love? when sorrow rests  
 In its gloomy flight,  
 Then 'tis like the star that shines  
 "On the brow of night."

Love! 'tis like the foam that crests  
 Old Ocean's troubled waves,  
 Or the sparkling gems that sleep  
 In his sparry caves.

Love! 'tis Nature's only theme,  
 When the thunders roll,  
 Or the wild wind-spirit wakes  
 An echo in the soul—

When the zephyrs kiss the lips  
 Of the opening rose—  
 When chill winter drapes the earth  
 With its falling snows.

Love! it fills the earth, the sky,  
 And to man 'tis given  
 To gild his pathway, and to yield  
 A sweet foretaste of heaven!

LIE.

#### CASHMERE SHAWLS.

EVERYBODY, or at least, every lady, is aware of the great importance which the French belles attach to the possession of a Cashmere shawl. Indeed, their love of this article of the wardrobe may almost be said to amount to a mania.

These precious commodities are accustomed to descend from mother to daughter, for many generations; and not a little manœuvring is said to be practised by the younger branches of a French family, to secure this greatly coveted treasure. It would be difficult, nay, impossible, to account for the estimation in which these shawls are held, on any other principle than the difficulty of their

acquisition; for, to an unpractised eye, a shawl that is valued at from one hundred to one thousand pounds sterling, is in reality less beautiful than many that are sold for scarcely so many shillings. From the following amusing sketch, (said to be written by an eye witness,) it would seem that the finesse requisite to secure their possession, is not confined to the ladies only.

"On the confines of Europe and Asia, and near the Wolga, is situated the miserable village of Makarieff, celebrated for the great fair which is held there in July, every year. For the space of a month, a few wretched huts, built on a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops, erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee houses, a theatre, ball-rooms, a crowd of wooden buildings, painted and adorned with exquisite taste, spring up. It is impossible to form an idea of the throng of people of all nations who flock to Makarieff during this holiday. There we find assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire, Tartars, Tchouvaches, Tchermishes, Calmoucks, Bucharians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, besides these, there are Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of costumes and languages, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected together in a space of less than two leagues, are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandise of China and Persia, are displayed close to the commonest goods and most ordinary articles.

"One of the most remarkable articles of merchandise in this fair, and, perhaps, the most interesting to the ladies of Europe, is the Cashmere Shawls. For several years past they have brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; although, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the divan of an Indian prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

"The conclusion of a bargain for shawls, always takes place before witnesses; and having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered into a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

"Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Cashmere. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. The negotiation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price

offered is not too great; so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negotiate. The seller displays his merchandise, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force: they contend and struggle; one pulls one way and one the other: it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill treated. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavor, by force, to make him put his hand into that of the purchaser, who holds it open, and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, and wraps up his hand, in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable tone. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

"All at once the greatest tranquility prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser: they sit down to proceed to the final ceremony—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable; because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received the full complement of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent. to the brokers.

"Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose. First of all, ices were brought, in pretty bowls of China porcelain; instead of spoons, we made use of little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, fixed to a silver handle by a button of ruby, emerald, turquoise, or other precious stones. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandise was delivered.

"The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right, new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help being struck by the diversity of

the faith of those who were here assembled; there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsees, or worshippers of fire; a Calmouck officer, who adored, in the Dala Llama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all three Christians, but of different communions—a remarkable example of toleration.

"My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness for this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way."

## FLORENCE O'DONNELL.

### A TALE OF PORTUGAL.

"In thy gentle bosom sleep  
Feelings, affections, destined now to die."

ROGERS.

"WHY, then, what's come over the ould place, to turn y'er heart agen' it, Miss Florry? Isn't the house the same you was born in, (barrin' what's fallen down of it?) And a'n't the big ould trees the very ones you danced under for many a long midsummer day, without trouble or sorrow, (bad 'cess to it!)? An' the poor mather, a'n't he the same, when he's himself? And sure it's quare, if the people's not the same, true in heart, to the ould family. And if the dear ould mather, (God rest his soul in glory hereafter!) was to be taken, still, my darlint young lady, what need 'ud there be of you to go into furrin' parts, where, as in Portingale, though I'll allow they're the best o' Christians, still they're strangers? Strangers!—oh! but it's a could word! like the sough of the winter's wind. I never could warm to furriners, only when they're shipwrecked on the cruel rocks forenint us; then, to be sure, the pity comes over one; and the greater the trouble, the greater the love—and why not? Sure it's all we have to give!"

"Just so; all we have to give," replied Florence O'Donnell to her nurse. "All we have to give" she repeated, and her fine eyes filled with tears. "And that is the reason why, in a few months, I shall leave my native country, and never see it more!"

"Anan!" exclaimed the old creature, looking up from her knitting. "Lave ould Ireland, because you have nothing to give? Why, my jewel, hav'n't your people been giving—giving—giving, for the last five hundred years, and may be more, until sorra' a thing they've left themselves either to give or keep? And sure darlint, you might expect a little of it back now, if you wanted it."

"From whom might I expect it?" said Florence; "from whom nurse? From the cotters who once lived rent free on my grandfather's

estate, and are themselves now without sufficient food to save them from starving?—from the troops of friends who crowded here, while my poor father lived his wild life, to drink claret and eat venison?—from the scores of poor relations, who, since the O'Donnells have grown poor, have discovered that they are more nearly related to the Donnells *without* the O', who happen to be rich? From such am I to expect gifts? No, nurse, no! these crumbling walls will serve for shelter to my poor grandfather, until he breathes his last. And then I will make a voyage to Portugal, and seek, with my cousin Isabel, the protection of Saint Ursula, within her holy walls."

"O, Miss Florry!" expostulated the old woman, while tears fell from her eyes, "sure the saints have ever a care over poor Ireland; and what would all you, but, if you have a calling that way, and wont be pacified any other, to step into a convent in Kilkenny or Enniscorthy, or Dublin itself, before going upon the salt seas, away from all who love you?"

"What are the *all*?" inquired the last of her race, sadly.

"Why, sure, there's myself, and Conner, the ould butler, and Norna, the faithful baste, and—"

"And," said Florence, smiling mournfully, "Conner, and Nelly, and Norna; and Norna, and Nelly, and Conner!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the old servant, bursting into tears, "and what signifies it? don't we love you with all our hearts and souls? and, sure, that's better, any way, than the could winds of a strange country."

"The winds of Portugal breathe softly," said the young devotee—"softly and warmly."

"Not on you will they breathe softly and warmly," replied her nurse; "the thing that warms the wind is love!"

Florence O'Donnell was born during the few minutes of a brief eclipse; and the superstition of her country declared that her life would be one of sorrow. Whether she had heard the prophecy or not, I do not know; but certainly it was fulfilled. She was one of those upon whom a shadow ever rests—who hear of sunshine, but do not feel its rays—who claim affinity with the gloomier works of nature—who form garlands of willow, and violets, and lilies of the valley—who sing songs of sadness, because they echo the feelings and sensibilities of their own souls whose smiles convey the idea of tears. In my young days, I knew her; and she would occasionally invite me to play with her. Play with her! child though I was, I would as soon have thought of playing with a moonbeam. I loved, however, to walk silently with her under the old trees of the long avenue; and I would crouch by her side while she read to her grandfather—then the most patriarchal looking man I ever saw—the old chronicles, in which he delighted; or, more frequently still, the lives of the saints. And from her I learned many wailing songs and legends, (sad ones,) and to embroider—silently. But, above all, she made me *think*; there was a mournful history in her sweet face, blended with so much modesty, (that "shade of fine souls," as some one calls it,) that when I returned to my own home, I use to think of her for hours. I never could fancy Florence mingling with the

sports or interests of the world; and I revered her with that simple reverence, which is so true and beautiful in childhood

The old gentleman's property had been eaten up by mortgages, and bad management, and settlements, (as they were called,) which ended fruitlessly; and law proceedings, and retainers, and poor relations, too proud to work, but not too proud to beg. His son, the father of Florence, had completed the ruin; and, at the time I speak of, the O'Donnell, in the eightieth year of his age, was dying, in a literally roofless castle, attended only by his grandchild, and two old servants, who loved with a faithfulness I have no power to describe. Every thing that could be sold had been seized on by his creditors; but happily the old man was unconscious of this fact, having sunk into a second childhood. How Florence bore up against it all, the God, in whom she trusted, only knows. She became so reserved that people called her proud; the taunt of pride and poverty was leveled, by those who understood her not, against one of high, but not arrogant spirit. When her relative slept, she would go wandering among the desolate and mouldering walls, binding up the bending flowers, which she could not bear to tread upon, and looking out from a crumbling turret upon the green and fertile meadows which, when she was born, it was said she would inherit. Norna—the last of the noble hounds which came at her call—Norna, old and blind, would stumble over the fragments of the ruined dwelling, and, placing its head upon the lap of its sorrowful mistress, turn its sightless eyes to her face. I have heard her sing to that dog, when she fancied no one near, and when, though much I loved her, I felt it almost sacrilege to observe her tears.

To grow old, is to become schooled in sorrow; but to see the young learned in the lore of disappointment—to mark the clouds of night press heavily upon the brow of morning—to know that the stricken bough, though the sun may shine on it, can yield no return of leaves or flowers, brings with it a sickness of heart and spirit, and makes us weary of the world.

It was a wild stormy night; and a traveler might have knocked long, and fruitlessly at our great gate, had it not been for the baying of the dogs, which told us there was one without waiting for admission. It was the old nurse, the faithful Nelly.

"It's what I'm come for," she said, "that the mather is a'most upon the last breath; and the priest has given him the sacraments; and he'd die aisy if he had one mouthful of claret. The young mistress doesn't know I came after it. You see it's what he was always used to; and he's lost all knowledge of everything that has happened for the last ten years, and keeps calling for his son, and for those (the curse of Cromwell on them!) who have forgotten him and his, long ever ago; and the strength has come back to his body, and the fire to his eyes—a lightness before death, you see, like shining stars, to make clear his way, that he mayn't be bewildered in the black grave. Oh, but my heart bleeds for the young mistress, and she so young entirely! And to see the proud, sad, steadfast look of her, without shedding one tear to soften sorrow! And

the poor gentleman talking so inconsiderate, and calling for everything as in the old times, and if it not in it for him; no, not so much as a drop o' wine to wet the priest's lips after his duty, this blessed night—only a taste of parliament whiskey for his reverence in the house of an O'Donnell! And I, that mind the time when no one left it dry or hungry; and the holy Augustins forced to borrow horses to take away the lashins o' things the mather would give them for the pure love o' God. And oh! Miss, if you would be so good as to come to Miss Florry in her trouble; sure you won't let on I told you this, which I ought not to do, for the spirit of an O'Donnell's in her, poor thing. And now let me have the drop of claret for the mather, for it is the want o' that's keepin' him in torment, and nothing else: sure he always liked his claret when he had his senses."

Such was poor Nelly's account of the distress into which the high-minded Florence had been plunged. It was but a shadow of the reality.

Stretched upon a wide and most desolate looking bed, in a large unfurnished chamber, which conveyed an idea of utter misery, his head supported by the fair arm of his grand-daughter, lay the representative of his once illustrious house. The damask canopy of the worm-eaten remnant of magnificence, was sufficient to keep out the pelting of the pitiless storm; the tattered fragments were wavering in the wind, which howled through apertures in the once ornamented walls; the old butler had formed a screen with two high-backed chairs; and, in its recess, the single candle burnt dimly, throwing, from its peculiar position, the little light it had to give, upon the face of O'Donnell. His white hair fell upon either cheek; and never had I seen eyes so restless, nor so bright, as those which sparkled in the head of that dying man. I would not follow the nurse into the room, but stood without the door, which, hingeless and worn, had long refused to do its office.

"I have got the claret," said the nurse; "will your honor plaze to take it now?"

"Ay, found it at last! and that old dotard," he exclaimed, "to say there was none! Conner, did you not bottle off three pipes in one year? and then to tell me there was none!" and he quaffed a cupful with an eagerness that made me shudder.

"Where are my friends—where my servants?" he inquired, raising himself on his elbow. "Where are all those who called my house the gayest one in Ireland? Here is no gayety! Florence, my poor girl, how you are grown! Good God! how tattered are those hangings—and how the rain beats in; child! it is dropping on your head, and my cheek—but no! raindrops are cold. Oh, what a foolish child to cry!"

How glad I was she wept!

"Softly!" he continued, in a lower tone, and with somewhat of embarrassed utterance; "even if I was to die, have I not made my will? You are an heiress, Florence: who are the executors? Creditors there were, too; but it is a noble property, and can pay all. Conner! bring me that will; there is a codicil I should like to add. Give me more claret, Florence."

"What papers shall I bring him, Miss?" whis-



pered the old butler to Florence, while his master again drained the cup to the bottom.

"Any—any parchment thing will do; he has not tried to read for years," she whispered in return—well knowing, poor girl, that he had never made a will, and that now he had nothing to leave. The butler went to a large cabinet in the room, and could hardly prevent its tumbling from the wall, while he extracted some parchments from its shelves—I heard him muttering curses on the rats.

Florence had underrated her grandfather's powers of vision; he commanded Conner to hold the candle close to him, and looked over one or two tattered papers which she placed before him.

"Mortgages!" he said, at last, "ah! I heard my father say, when I was young, this one was not worth minding. Principal and interest now are five times doubled! I must pay it off. So—why what is this?" he held before his eyes a rough draft of the debts which had been drawn up by his son's attorney a little before his death.

It was an awful sight to see those thin transparent fingers grappling the discolored paper; to see the eyes of the dying man at first glittering like a basilisk over the frightful total, to which one shriveled finger pointed, and then to see their fire rapidly extinguish, as his head sank back upon its pillow, and his hand fell upon the coverlet. The old nurse said truly, that the last ten years of his life, so full of misery, had no place in his memory; his existence during that time had been as a dream, of which Florence was the directing spirit. It was wonderful how, in an instant, the spell had been dissolved to the eyes of him whose mind and body had been almost sightless. Florence saw the effect, and snatched the paper from his hand; he made no effort to retain it.

"The cross, Miss Florry, the cross!" exclaimed Nelly, "put it to his lips and breast, Miss, darlint;—don't you see he's going?"

Florence pressed the crucifix that hung from her neck to the old man's lips. "Think not of it—think not of it, now," she said, sinking on her knees by his side. "Think of God, and Christ, and the holy saints; forget the world—what signifies it now?"

What, indeed? for his spirit had passed from it forever!

"What a beautiful corpse he'd have made!" said Nelly, as she "laid him out," after the Irish fashion, for "the wake." "What a beautiful corpse he'd have made, if his features hadn't been turned by that horrid paper! but now he'll carry the sign of the heart-break and the trouble to his grave."

The resolution of Florence had long been taken; and, indeed, poor girl! there were few to urge her from its fulfillment. I loved her very dearly; but I saw there was nothing in the world either to soothe or to excite her feelings: interests she had none; and how limited were her affections! She had seen but little of the hollowness of society, and she shrank within her own pure self from its contamination; there was a high-souled poetry in her religion, which is read of, but seldom met with. She had appeared to me to regard her grandfather's prolonged existence as a chain which bound her to the world,

rather than as the last protection this life afforded to one so young and beautiful.

She refused to leave the desolate halls of her ancestors till all was ready for her departure to Portugal. The abbess of the nunnery she had resolved to enter was her maternal aunt; and a cousin had taken the vows there about two years before. She had no dower to bestow; but the abbess was pleased to be able to offer her an asylum from a world, which it might almost be said, without knowing, she abhorred. Still it was curious to observe the struggles which, almost unknown to herself, passed within her bosom; the turning of the heart to earth—the soaring of the soul to heaven.

She would sit upon a fragment of the garden wall, which afforded a prospect of a long avenue of elms; on one side the trees had been felled and sold, and the others were condemned to the same fate by the new proprietor; and she would compare their shadows, as they moved along the sward, to the passing away of worldly pleasures. "The sun creates them, but when the sun is not, where are they?" she would say. "Is it not better to be with the sun, the fountain of light, than to watch for his beams in such a world as this!" and then she would pluck up the national emblem of her country, and, placing it next her heart, burst into a strain of patriotic feeling. Conner, the old butler, had been carried to the grave about ten days after his master, and, at his own earnest desire, was buried at his feet.

The day she left her ruined home, she gathered leaves from her favorite trees, pebbles from the brook which trickled down the hill on which the castle stood, and filled a basket with the cold clay that cankered round her ancestral tomb. She cut a lock of Norna's hair, and, not without tears, bequeathed the dog to me.

"God bless us!" sobbed the poor nurse, "she thinks more of dumb things than of Christians! Somehow her nature was above all, and I never could understand her rightly; she was one of the sort that is born odd! She thinks she'll bid me good bye for ever but the sea's as safe for me as for her; and sure, even in Portingale, they can't hinder me from looking on the walls that hide my darlint from the world."

Beloved Florence! I never saw her after that day; but I heard from a friend at Lisbon of the exceeding beauty and piety of the Irish novice, Miss O'Donnell. I heard of her aunt being the cold canoness who held the veil, while her cousin Isabel cut from her head those tresses, which, in the bygone days of chivalry, would have rewarded half the knights in Christendom.

The scene, I also heard, was magnificent.

I told her old nurse, that I knew she would not live many years.

"Why should she," was her reply; "what has she to live for? the sun was dark to the earth when she was born, and well it might; but, though it was dark to the earth, it was not dark to the heavens. Live long! oh no, Miss; that she wont. It was as good as tould me in a dream that I should close her eyes; and so I will. They may keep me from a living nun, but they won't hinder me to look upon a dead one."

The poor creature fulfilled her intention. How she obtained the means to voyage to Lisbon, I

know not; but I know that she arrived there. Florence never saw her; but she was amply provided for, nor was she prevented from performing the melancholy office she anticipated. Florence O'Donnell, indeed, died young: and I have been told by one who saw it, not three years, that, on the left hand side of the cemetery of the Ursuline convent, there is a small white marble slab, fixed in the wall; and upon it is engraved—

F. O'D.  
AET. XXII.

#### THE RISING OF THE NILE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD

Rich is the earth in streams,  
O'er the green land unnumbered waters glide,  
But brighter than the rest thy current gleams,  
Egyptian tide!  
Time throws no shadow on thy silver crown,  
Oh river of renown!

Rich are the ancient shores,  
Made fertile by thy flow, in piles that stand  
To point how far the feeble spirit soars  
Above the land:  
Thy wave sublime o'ersweeps the marvelous ground,  
A marvel more profound.

The Pyramids are there;  
Yet once the sunshine fell upon the spot  
On which they stand: forth went thy current fair,  
And found them not.  
Old as the earth they seem, but thou wert old  
Ere man conceived their mould.

And when the traveler's eye  
Shall find these sculptur'd glories (as it will)  
Crumbled and dim, thy sands shall not be dry,  
But sparkle still:  
Along thy shores their ancient dust may fall,  
But thou shalt flow o'er all.

Like sunshine on his sleep,  
Thy fountain flashed on the Explorer's sight.  
Oh! transport (won with toil) to see thee leap  
Into the light;  
The cradling turf to press—to stoop and drink,  
And breathe on that fair brink!

But high and higher still,  
The wizard-water flows from hour to hour,  
Encircling rainless cities—as a rill  
Circles a flower:  
Behold, o'er all it flows—o'er branch and plain,  
That long had pined for rain.

And thousands at the sight,  
Childhood and holy age, have sought the brim  
Fringed by the lotus-lilies, blue and white,  
With heart and hymn  
To bless the rising river (come to save)  
And worship the fond wave.

The palace and the plough  
Are both forsaken; maidens from the banks  
Descend to bathe; others with song and vow,  
Wind on in ranks;  
And still, o'er all the breezeless tide, the air  
Echoes some pealing prayer.

A hundred times the morn  
Hath tinged the living flood; which now rolls back  
Leaving rich verdure upon fields forlorn,  
Flowers on its track,

Green health and plenty on the parched land,  
And fruit—on what was sand.

Howe'er thy rise be traced—  
If to Etesian air, that seaward blows;  
Or the wild rush, through many a sunny waste,  
Of Lybian snows;  
Such art thou now, O Nile! and such of old—  
Richer than streams of gold!

Delicious as at first,  
As in that early time, thy ripples run,  
When he who at the Nile allayed his thirst,  
Was Egypt's son;  
And when, where'er its sacred streams were found  
That was Egyptian ground!

#### THE PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS.

In the twelfth century lived one of those titled barbarians who prided themselves in that prerogative of impunity which was one of the characteristics of the feudal government, and which was indeed quite worthy of such a system. The sole delight of this haughty Baron seemed to be in frequent and capricious displays of savage despotism. He was continually conceiving the most absurd ideas of amusement; and his Gothic imagination ever selected that which bordered most on the ferociousness of cruelty. To a brutal rage for singularity, like this, we may doubtless trace the origin of those whimsical services that were appendant to our ancient fiefs, and which the enlightened legislators of modern times ought universally to eradicate.

Our Baron was happy in all those extravagant freaks, in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of those times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, of course, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honor and the happiness of her hand. Nor can we suppose the peerless Genevieve herself unsusceptible of the tender passion. Baldwin, a young Chevalier in the neighborhood, had certainly no reason to doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid.

Ardent and reciprocal was the passion they cherished. His, however, the young Chevalier studiously concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too slender to encourage aspiring hopes, and in conjugal alliances does interest too often preside with fatal sway. Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thousand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of nature, he was totally insensible. Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the husband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does love ever reason? He listens; he attends only to the tender sentiment, and no obstacles does that sentiment perceive. Has love then sufficient resources in himself? Every day the tenderness of the two lovers increased; and, increasing, it seemed to become irresistible.

The Baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual passion. He surprises the young Cheva-

lier with his daughter. He could perceive the ingenuous frankness of modesty in the one, with ardor and inexpressible ecstasy in the other. In the first suggestions of fury, he would have sacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance. Genevieve throws herself at her father's feet: she bedews them with her tears: she implores her lover's pardon: "I will not survive him," cries the beauteous maid: "Save him, my father; hurt him not; or I die with him—I perish on the spot!" The old Baron was not unaffected by her tears; yet still his savage temper had the ascendant. Pointing to a hill near his castle, "Young man," said he, "you have been presumptuous enough to think a moment of my daughter. Nevertheless she shall be your wife, if you will carry her, without stopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the least repose shall cost you the prize." The chevalier does not suffer him to finish. He flies to his mistress, takes her in his arms, and runs toward the hill, exclaiming, "You shall be mine—you shall be mine." A crowd of vassals assisted at a scene that was at once so barbarous and so singular.

Love has very justly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the excessive ardor of his passion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole soul was fixed on Genevieve. He ascended the hill with inconceivable swiftness; he had wings: he felt the heart of his mistress palpitate against his own. "I tremble, my dear friend," said she, "you will not reach, you will not reach the top—moderate your impetuosity." "Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve. You know not the power of love. I could reach—I could gain the skies."

The whole assembly utter vows to heaven for the amiable pair. In a thousand ways they express their encouraging approbation. But the lover's strength begins to fail—he perceives it himself: "My dear, dear Genevieve, speak to me; repeat to me, repeat that you love me. Fix your eyes on me—yes! I shall feel more than mortal powers—you revive me—you strengthen me again." Nature, however, abandons him, Love is now his only support, and what cannot Love achieve? Baldwin now looks toward the summit of the hill, and measures it with his eyes, which he had not done before.

"Ah! is it not very high?" said his terrified mistress. "I shall reach it—I shall reach it." How justly has it been observed, that ardent love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin, indeed, was no longer a man. It was the Genius of Love that triumphed over insurmountable obstacles. The cries of the spectators resounded on every side. They trembled, they mounted, they panted with the young chevalier, who was now intently regarding the summit as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to observe all his motions. They saw every member working, struggling, vanquishing fatigue. Genevieve, the beauteous Genevieve was weeping.

At length, the happy chevalier gains the height. He instantly sinks, with his precious burden on the earth, which he seems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæsar, who embraced

the earth in like manner, "and for an object of far less consequence," would add some enamored lover. Acclamations of joy arise. "Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize." "My friend, my beloved," exclaims Genevieve, "will now be my husband." She throws herself on his bosom—she lavishes the most tender expressions. Her lover answers not—his eyes are closed—he is motionless: "Oh! heavens!" cries Genevieve, "He is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!"

The young conqueror had sunk under his fatigue. "He is dead, he is dead!" mournfully passed from mouth to mouth. Consternation is visible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal summit. Genevieve, weeping, presses her lover to her bosom: she strives to recall him to life. Her kisses, her tears revive the chevalier: he opens an almost lifeless eye: with a faltering voice he can only utter, "I die, Genevieve. Let them give me at least the name of thy husband on my tomb; the sweet idea consoles me—Oh! my only love, receive my last sigh."

The spectators, who did not a moment lose sight of Genevieve, had been restored with her to hope. They had easily understood that Baldwin had revived. They now as easily perceived, that it was a rapid flash of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful shriek with which Genevieve again uttered, "He is dead, he is dead!" In a moment they saw her sink on her lover's corpse.

The inhuman Baron is now agitated by all the terrors of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd hastily follow him. They gain the summit. They find Genevieve with her two stiffened arms embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In vain would her wretched father revive her. Genevieve, Genevieve herself was now no more. All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian, who in vain pressed his daughter to his bosom. They raise the two bodies; they place them, weeping, in the coffin. Piety did not fail to consecrate the sentiments of nature and compassion. A chapel was built on the fatal spot; and the father, desiring in some measure to expiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered, that those whom he would have separated in life, should be united in death.

This place has ever since been called by a name that will perpetuate their melancholy story—"The Priory of the Two Lovers."

#### DEFINITIONS.

*Money.*—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

*The Grave.*—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

*Modesty.*—A beautiful flower, that flourishes only in secret places.

*Sensibility.*—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

*A young man of talent.*—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of ex-

erable poetry, a person without modesty: a noisy fellow; a speech maker.

*Lawyer.*—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself.

*My Dear.*—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

*Watchman.*—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the open air.

*Honesty.*—An excellent joke.

*Dentist.*—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

*Fee.*—The shadow of hope.

*Rural Felicity.*—Potatoes and turnips.

*Prospectus and Index.*—Appendages to a literary work; the former showing what it ought to be, the latter what it is.

*Gentility.*—Eating your meat with a silver fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

*Take friend's advice.*—An expression used by a man when he is going to be impertinent.

*Witness-box.*—In a court of justice, a kind of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

#### THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

##### GAINSBOROUGH'S "HARVEST WAGON."

**THIS WEEK'S PLATE.**—The subject of the plate which has been prepared for the present number of the Rover, is from Gainsborough's celebrated painting of the "Harvest Wagon," which is considered the greatest work of that celebrated artist, by whom it was presented to his friend, Mr. Wiltshire, of Shropshire, in Somersetshire. Gainsborough was an eccentric genius, and, among other pleasures, took great delight in roaming over the country on an old gray horse which belonged to Mr. Wiltshire, and which, from its rough and picturesque appearance, he took quite a fancy to, and frequently introduced it into his landscape pieces. Mr. Wiltshire refused to sell him the horse, but afterward presented it to Gainsborough, who was so much pleased, that when he had finished his "Harvest Wagon," in which he introduced the old horse, he made a present of it to his friend, with the remark that he considered it the best of all his paintings. In the original two of the principal figures are portraits of Gainsborough's daughters.

The landscapes of Gainsborough will establish his fame on the record of fine arts with honors such as never before attended a native of England. These subjects he painted with a faithful adherence to nature: indeed, the brilliancy of Claude, and the simplicity of Ruysdael, appear combined in his romantic scenes. He was of liberal spirit, and needy relatives and unfortunate friends were alike objects of his generosity. If he selected, for the exercise of his pencil, an infant from a cottage, all the tenants from the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture. He died 1788, at the age of 50.

☐ We are preparing some very rich attractions for our new series—"The New York Illustrated Magazine," which will be out about the 18th September. Those whose subscriptions expire with the close of the present volume, and who wish to renew, had better remit us as soon as possible, that we may make some near calculation respecting our edition. Our exchanges can do us a favor if they feel so disposed.

☐ Since our last we have received a letter from our agent, J. P. L., from Galena, Ill., with remittances. We were fearful at one time that his letters did not get this side of Buffalo, owing to the late misfortunes in that P. O.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. H. B., of Troy, will be attended to next week. "Death on the Pale Horse" has considerable merit, but is faulty in construction. The author had better remodel and correct it. The rhythm is too irregular.

**THEATRES.**—Before our subscribers receive the present number of the Rover, Mr. Simpson will have commenced his fall campaign at the Park, beginning on Monday evening, the 18th inst., with the Lady of Lyons—Mrs. Mowatt as Pauline, Crispas Claude, and a Mr. Bass, whom report speaks of as a clever artist, as Gol. Dumas. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, now on their way across the Atlantic, are also engaged at this house. From arrangements made by Mr. Simpson, we predict for him a successful season.

**THE BOWERY** is now open, and is the most elegant theatre in the country. They have every facility for producing spectacles of unsurpassed grandeur. The company is comprised of very talented members, and the patronage which the house receives is evidence of its being on the tide of popular favor. Mr. Jackson is the manager, with Anderson as stage director. Mr. Waldron has the charge of the treasury—all favorites and gentlemen.

#### CHANGING OUR NAME.

At the conclusion of the present volume, which will end on the 13th September, we shall drop the name of the Rover, and adopt that of the

#### NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.....SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.....NUMBER I.

The following are among some of the reasons which have moved us to this course:

1st. Because of the unpopularity of its present name, injurious to its character as an elegant magazine of polite literature, which has kept many persons from patronizing it, thinking, by our title, that we were "no better than we should be."

2d. As we have such constant calls for back numbers and complete sets of the previous volumes, we have a desire to commence a new series in order that our patrons may have an opportunity to possess themselves of an entire work, beginning with the first number of a new volume.

3d. Because we wish to make many improvements in the department of illustrations, and in the editorial management of its pages—to superintend the former, we have secured the services of one of the first artists of the country, and to the latter we shall devote our entire time and energies, which heretofore we have been unable to do, from a pressure of other and arduous duties.

We shall publish it weekly, as at present, and each number will contain besides, other elegant illustrations woven into the letter press.

**A BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGRAVING ON STEEL,** got up expressly for the work, accompanied by descriptive text.

☐ The plate edition, without stitching, can go in the mail at newspaper postage. This is a great advantage over the monthlies. Our terms of subscription will be as follows:

With steel plate and cover, \$2.00 a year, in advance;

Without the plate and cover—simply the sheet containing the reading matter and wood illustrations—\$1.00 a year, in advance.

Persons remitting one year's subscription, previous to the first of September, for the forthcoming new series, shall receive gratis the concluding numbers of the present volume, which ends September 13—six numbers.

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To Mail Subscribers a Dollar a Volume with plates and cover, and one Dollar a Year without—in all cases in advance.

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Engraved by A. DEK

**DON QUIXOTE & SAMPSON CARRASCO.**

Drawn by J. M. Wright

DON QUIXOTE & SAMPPSON CARRASCO.

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